Could ſcape the haile of his all hurting'ayme,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Againſt the thing he ſought, he would exclaime,
When he moſt burnt in hart-wiſht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praiſd cold chaſtitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th'vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and ſimple would not be ſo louerd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould doe againe for ſuch a ſake.

O that infected moyſture of his eye,
O that falſe fire which in his cheeke ſo glowd:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that ſad breath his ſpungie lungs beſtowed,
O all that borrowed motion ſeeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.